Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what sence thou wilt.

Grego. They must take it in sense, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele, while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Grego. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore Iohn: draw thy toole here comes of the house of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other seruingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee

Greg. How, turne thy back and runne?

Samp Feare me not.

Gre. No marrie, I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frowne as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumd sir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. Is the Law of our side if I say I?

Gre. No.

Samp. No sir, I doe not bite my thumb at you sir, but I bite my thumb sir.

Gre. Doe you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir, no sir.

Samp. But if you doe sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Gre. Say better, here comes one of my Maisters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy swashing blowe. *They fight.*

Benu. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you doe

Enter

Enter T

Tibalt. VVhat art thou dra
tarne thee *Benuolio*, looke vp

Ben. I doe but keepe the pe
or mannage it to part these me

Tib. VVhat drawne and ta
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues*
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Cit

Off. Clubs, Billes and Part
Downe with the *Capulets*, do

Enter old Capulet *in h*

Capu. VVhat noyse is this

Wife. A crowch, a crowch,

Cap. My sword I say, old
And florishes his blade in spig

Enter old Mounta

Moun. Thou villaine *Capu*

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou shalt no

Enter Prince Eskal

Prince. Rebellious subiect
Prophaners of this neighbour
Will they not heare? what ho
That quench the fire of your p
With purple fountaines issuin
On paine of torture, from tho
Throw your mistempered wea
And heare the sentence of you
Three ciuill brawles bred of a
By thee old *Capulet* and *Moun*
Haue thrice disturbde the quie
And made *Veronas* auncient
Cast by their graue beseeming
To wield old partizans, in ha
Cancred with peace, to party
If euer you disturbe our streets
Your liues shall pay the forfeit

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k